

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie.
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meeteres,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I shall be sau'd.
Oth. Is't possible?
Def. Oh Heauen forgie vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Mistis,
Enter Emilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. Exit.
Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
Emil. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, Emilia,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed. Exit.
Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion in my least miserie?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Emil. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heavy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Def. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Caller.
Iago. Why did he so?
Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Emil. Hath she forlooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Bewhore him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuic'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Emil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keeps her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that such companions shou'd vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.
Emil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the feamy-side withour,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Def. Alas Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or a ctuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deercly,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Def. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodorigo. Every day thou dafts me with some deuise
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodorigo. I

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodouico. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
Ladyship.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-
turn'd forthwith: dismiss your Attendant there: look't
be done. Exit.

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He saies he will returne incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Def. It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia,

Giue me my nightgowne, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Def. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,

That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,

(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Emil. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?

If I do die before, prythee throw'd me

In one of these same Sheetes.

Emil. Come, come: you talke.

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,

She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,

And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,

An old thing 'twas: but it expres'd her Fortune,

And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,

Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poore *Barbarie*: prythee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No, vn-pin me here.

This Lodouico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Def. He speakes well.

Emil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd

barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. The poore Soule sat singing by a *Sicamour tree*.

Sing all a greene Willough:

Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes

Sing Willough, &c.

Her salt teares fell from her, and sofin'd the stones,

Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'll come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorue I approue.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)

Emil. It's the wind.

Def. I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I court mo women you'll couch with mo men.